
Title: The Shattering

Author: Nystul

Long has the shattering
of the Gem of
Immortality weighed upon
my thoughts. A lifetime
I have spent studying
the mystic arts, and yet
it is only lately that I
have begun to uncover
even the least of the
Gem's secrets.

Two things have become
clear to me. Both
warrant further
investigation, though it
seems I shall leave this
place soon, and it is
not clear to me who will
carry on with my
research. I record my
discoveries in this
notebook in the hope
that it will be of use
to my successors, after
I depart this world.
First, I have uncovered
proof that no hand but
that of the Stranger,
who defeated Mondain,
could have shattered the
Gem. A stranger not only
to our people, but to
our entire reality, the
laws and harmonies
binding him were somehow
different than those
that act upon us. It was
this differing set of
qualities that allowed
the Stranger to interact
with the Gem on a plane
closer to its own
abstract reality,
ultimately shattering
it.
That those of differing
planes can have
influence and effect

upon our world brings to
mind a most disturbing
line of thought, best
left for another day-
yet I feel I must note
it now. There was once a
madman who attempted to
cast a most terrible
spell, one which would
bring about the
cessation of all life
upon our world. He and
his followers failed,
thankfully. But it seems
as though the spell
itself was designed by
those not of our
world.

I leave this, then, for
another day, and will
concentrate upon my
second realization.

Within each shard of the
Gem of Immortality lies
a perfect likeness of
the world as it was at
the very moment the Gem
was shattered. My liege
has confessed many
things to me, many
disturbing things, about
the influence the Gem's
power still holds upon
these worlds.

It is possible that
within each of these
shards lie copies of the
shattered remains of the
Gem of Immortality. I
had thought this
impossible, that the Gem
transcended our reality
and was no longer a part
of our world. Yet I gaze
upon the shining facets
of a shard, looking at
the world slowly
spinning within, and it
seems obvious I was
wrong.

The stone's sinister
power was not destroyed
when the Stranger
shattered the stone, but
instead spread
throughout the shards
themselves.

Thus the question begs:

does this recursion go
on forever? Are there
worlds within worlds,
scattered like
dandelions on the wind,
lying in my trembling
hand? And what influence
does the Gem yet have
upon them?